

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN OUT AND AT HOME.

"A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."—Prov. xxxi.



"LAVATER AND THE WIDOW.—A DEVOTED WIFE'S INFLUENCE."

LAVATER AND THE WIDOW. A DEVOTED WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

[The celebrated physiognomist, Lavater, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, in 1741. He became a minister of the gospel, but while attending to his pastoral charge, he was a laborious student, and published a large number of works both in verse and prose. When Switzerland was moved by the French revolution, Lavater declared on the liberal side, and on account of this he was called a revolutionary; he recalled his native country, where he had lived in 1801. Lavater was intimate with Martin Luther, who called "God's best blessing," a good wife. The old saying mischievously concerning her will be read with interest.]

"One day during our dinner, my wife asked me what text I had chosen for the day. I replied, 'Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow, turn thou not away.' "Pray have this to be understood?" said she. "Literally," said I. "We must take the words as if we heard Jesus Christ himself pronounce them; I am the steward, not the proprietor of my possessions."

"Just as I arose from dinner, a widow desired to speak with me. 'You will excuse me, dear sir,' said she, 'I must pay my rent, and I am six dollars short. I have been ill a while month, and could scarcely keep my children from starving. I have laid by every penny, but I am six dollars short, and must have them to-day or to-morrow; pray hear me, dear sir.' Here she presented a book ornamented with silver clasps. 'My late husband,' said she, 'gave it to me when we were betrothed. I part with it with great reluctance, and know not when I can redeem it from your hands, and give it to my next.' My poor woman, indeed, I cannot." So saying, I put my hand in my pocket, and touched my money: it was about two dollars and a half. 'It won't do,' said I to myself; 'and if it would, I shall want it.' 'Have you no friend,' said I, 'who would give you such a trifle?' 'No, not a soul living; and I do not like to go from house to house, and ask for alms.' 'I have been told,' I have heard that you are a good-natured gentleman, and if you cannot assist you will, I hope, excuse me for having given you so much trouble. I will try how I can extricate myself. God has never forsaken me, and I hope he will not begin to turn his back on me in my 76th year.'

"At this moment the little entered the room. 'I was—oh, that traitorous heart!—was again abandoned, and should have been glad if I could have sent her away under some pretext or other, for my conscience whispered to me, 'Give to him that asketh thee.' My wife, too, whispered irresistibly in my ear, 'She is a pious, honest woman, and has certainly been ill; assist her if you can.' I have no more than six dollars,' said I, 'and she wants six; how then can I answer her demand. I will give her something and send her away.' My wife squeezed my hand tenderly, smiling, and beseeching me by her looks. She then said aloud, 'What my conscience had whispered to me before: 'Give to him that asketh thee, and turn not away from him who would borrow of thee.' I smiled, and asked her whether she would give her ring in order to enable me to do it? 'With great pleasure,' said she, pulling it off. The old woman was either too simple to observe this, or too modest to take advantage of it; however, when she was going, my wife told her to wait a little in the passage. 'Were you in earnest, my dear, when you offered your ring?' said I. 'I soon as you were in earnest, I was surprised that you can ask that question, do you think I sport with charity? Remember what you said a quarter of an hour ago. You have been always so benevolent, and why are you now backward in assisting that poor woman? Why did you not give her what money you had in your purse? Do you not know that there are six dollars in your pocket?' I smiled, and that it will not be quarter-day for ten days.' I pressed my wife to my bosom, and dropped a tear. 'You are more righteous than I; keep your ring; you have made me blush!' I then went to the bureau, and took the six dollars. When I was going to open the door to call the widow, I was seized with grief, because I had said, 'I cannot help you.' O, then traitorous tongue, that deceives the heart! 'There, take the money,' said I, 'which you want.' She seemed at first to suppose it was only a small contribution, and kissed my hand, but when she saw the six dollars, her astonishment was great, for at a moment she could not speak. She then said, 'How shall I thank you? I cannot repay you, but I will give you a poor child, and it is old.' 'Keep your book and the money,' said I, 'and thank God, not me. Indeed, I do not deserve it, because I have hesitated so long to assist you. Go, and do not any one word more.'

EARLIEST SPRING FLOWERS.

HAIR! beauteous little heralds of the coming glorious spring.

What sacred lesson to the heart doth your appearance bring?

Ye speak of Hitha whose boundless power numbeless worlds doth sway,

Yet condescendeth thus to deck the flow'et of a day.

True to the great Creator's laws, while storms and tempests blow,

Secure from every biting blast, warm 'neath a bed of snow,

Ye smile till His handmaid Spring rolls up earth's covering cold,

Then in due time ye issue forth bright gems of living gold.

I love you, for ye whisper of a tender Father's care,

Who made this teeming world for us so fragrant and so fair;

A graceful emanation of His love in you we find,

And well do ye perform the part that love for you assigned.

Ye adorn the lofty palace hall, the lowly cot ye grace,

As faithfully ye cling around man's last and resting-place;

Pale Suffering rears its drooping head, with Hope's enlivening powers,

Looks up in silent gratitude, and thanks God for the flowers.

Obediently, O may I thus, His purposes fulfil,

Thro' each and every path of life bend to my Maker's will;

I too must yield to earth's embrace, must pass thro' shadow decay,

And rise, not like you, sweet flower, to perish in a day.

When Yawake, creation's curse shall be for ever gone,

Will I not then be needed, in my pure, my heavenly home;

No darkness, death, or sin is found in those blest bowers above,

Its flowers are of immortal bloom, its light Eternal Love.

Swift flowers! still bud and blossom on, till time shall cease to be,

And I will prize you as a gift from Him who died for me.

Ye oft have made my spirit glad, refreshed my languid hours—

With all Thy mercies, O my God, I bless Thee for the flowers.

C. M. F.

IT IS POSSIBLE:

A CONTRAST AND TWO PROOFS FROM LIFE,
IN TWO SHORT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

To Mrs. Angus' surprise, her husband was gone before she reached her wretched home; and what added to her grief was the fact that he had taken with him his tools and tool chest.

"Does he mean to leave us to starve? or, what is still worse, does he mean to sell off, and let the basket go with the tide?"

"These were the two questions she asked herself, as she laid her husband and shawl aside, and after a short pause she added, "Take that child off, it worries me so."

The tone in which this command was given, was something different from that to which Polly—the child who called for her mother at Mrs. Deering's—was wont to hear. It was passionate, but subdued, indicating a wish to suppress what was seeking vent.

"Better be out of the world than be in this state, and yet, as Mrs. Deering says, I have brought it all upon myself. He is gone, and I shall go." But at this moment she was startled by a knock at the door. This knock went to her heart as if she had been struck by a ball from a gun, for, as she looked round upon her miserable hovel, the pang of self-accusation stung her conscience.

It was a good thing that who had called, Mrs. Deering had incidentally seen him, told him what had happened, and immediately he was on the spot, as if it had been a matter of life and death, as in such cases it often is. It was well he called at the moment, for remorse and despair were forming awful resolves. Another moment, and she might have been off for the gin palace or the cold canal. Being admitted, he soon saw how she ended, that she revealed to him the most intimate details of her truly painful condition.

"Now, what can I do?" she asked him, looking up as it were from the depth of despair.

"Change for the better. There must be true repentance as well as sorrowful regrets; that kind of repentance which leads to the forsaking of the sins in question. Without this, profession is hypocrisy, words are in vain."

"But Tom (her husband) may not change. Perhaps he is gone for ever from me."

"Your husband may follow your example. Are you prepared to make the effort?"

"Alas, please God."

"God is pleased. He is not willing that any should perish. Are you willing to be led in God's ways, and to rely upon His promises?"

"Will God take notice of one so wicked as I have been?"

"He will. His promises extend to the chief of sinners. His mission on earth was, and to this hour His wish is, to seek and to save that which is lost."

"That's what Mrs. Deering says."

"She says what God has said, and that which every true Christian feels to be true. She is a good woman—would you not wish to be like her?"

"I would, but that cannot be."

"It may. With God's help, it is possible. Trust in God's mercy and aid. Remain at home, make your place as comfortable as possible, while I go in search of your husband."

It was true to his promise, continuing his search as if its object was the only one on his mind; but when he found Mr. Angus, the tools had been sold, and the greater part of the money was in the publican's till.

He called Mr. and Mrs. Deering to his aid, and both were of good service. The tools were redeemed, and the poor repentant man was forgiven, and again reinstated by his employer. The next point was to induce him to forgive and help his wife, but this was not an easy task, for he felt sure that she would not reform, having so long and persistently continued in her evil course.

"She is down, and has sunk me to her level. She has not only gone on gossiping, but adorning, and the awful consequences of all this are intolerable. I cannot forgive her."

Here the gentleman interrupted Mr. Angus, reminding him of how his employer had forgiven him, and hoped he wished God to do the same; and, after again looking at the whole matter, from every point of view, he urged him to induce the man to cherish the catholic spirit of Christian charity.

Mr. Angus at last yielded; both he and his wife kept their promise to abstain from strong drink; still further proving that "it is never too late to mend," that "it is possible," by the right use of the proper means, together with God's blessing, to reclaim and make useful the most wicked and degraded of mankind.

This change of heart and conduct, produced a corresponding change in outward circumstances. The house was scrupulously clean; wife and children well clad and well fed; there was some comfort in store for the working man when the labour of the day was ended, and he hastened to meet the smiles of his wife, and the caresses of his children in his truly happy home. Industry, frugality, temperance, had done much to change that home; but religion, of which these are the attendants, was the real cause of the change—the reception of pure religion in the heart, religion which brings with it a joy unutterable, a peace which passeth understanding, and hallows the enjoyments of the home on earth, by the assurance of the home in heaven.

SUNDAY THINKINGS,

TO BRIGHTEN WORK-DAY TOILS.

Sunday, 3rd April, 1864.

"ALL THAT ARE IN THE GRAVES SHALL HEAR HIS VOICE, AND SHALL COME FORTH."—John v. 28, 29.

There then is a life beyond death, and the grave is not the end of my being, but a resting place in my life. There are two ways in this present life leading to the grave; and there are two ways a-going with these in the life beyond the grave. The way of doing good here; and agreeing with it, the resurrection to life there. Patient continuance in well-doing day by day, in the strength of Jesus, in the midst of the temptations which throng me in this evil world. Then the resting-place of the grave for a little while for my weary worn-out body. Then "glory and honour and immortality—eternal life"—in the mansions of my Father's house for ever. Romans ii. 7.

This is the first way. Now what is the second? The way of doing evil here; and, agreeing with it, the resurrection to damnation there. Living on in sin day by day; slighting Jesus who gave Himself for my sins, that He might deliver me from this present evil world; choosing the evil—the pleasures of sin—that surround me in the world; and refusing the good which God offers me in His Son Jesus, whom He sent to bless me by turning me from my iniquities. Then the dark cold gloom of the grave. Then the "awaking to shame and everlasting contempt," "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish," the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched.

Oh, I will flee from the second way, and get quickly into the first. I will flee unto Jesus. He will wash me from my sins in His blood, and clothe me in the white robe, and guide my feet into "the way of peace," and keep me in—"the paths of the righteous."

Then welcome the grave. It is "the place where the Lord lay." He will not forget my sleeping body there. He "shall call; and I will answer," and will come forth and put on glory. He is able to change this vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body.

"I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

Sunday, 10th April, 1864.

"JESUS SAID UNTO HER, I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."—John xi. 25.

"I am the resurrection!" Then, if Jesus had not risen, there would have been no resurrection. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. "By the first man, Adam," sin entered into the world, and death by sin. "But through "the grace of God," "in His kindness toward us," the second man, the Lord from heaven, brought righteousness and life. Jesus, the Son of God is the resurrection and the life.

If I have the Son of God, my soul cannot perish in sin, and my body cannot perish in the grave. He will raise me from the power of sin now, and from the power of the grave then, by His Spirit which dwelleth in me. "He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life."

How can I have the Son of God? "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Then it is by believing on Jesus, not by having faith in Him, I have Him; and He is my life. What a blessed possession! Better than all the gold and silver, and houses and carriages, and clothes, some people have got. I have looked at low poor I was, and envied them; but the lid of the coffin that shuts them in, will shut these out. I will put out the land of faith, and grasp Jesus. Through the grave and gate of death, I need not go. When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will be with me. In the grave He will be my resurrection; and after death my life for evermore.

O God, give me faith in Thy blessed Son Jesus, that I may be delivered from "the bitter pangs of eternal death," and may have a "sure and certain hope" of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.

Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."—BELIEVEST THOU THIS?"

Sunday, 17th April, 1864.

"THE WORLD SEETH ME NO MORE; BUT YE SEE ME. BECAUSE I LIVE YE SHALL LIVE ALSO."—John xiv. 19. Jesus ascended up to the throne of God, and the world saw Him no more. The people who had crowded to hear Him preach, heard him no more. The multitudes whom He had fed no longer saw Him bless the bread and break it and give it to them. Those who had sick friends could not find Him, that they might cast them down at His feet for healing. They saw Him no more. Were there none who saw Jesus, how Him, could find Him still? Yes, scattered up and down through the world, some in cottages, some in hovels, some in porches, and some in palaces, there have been ever since a few who have seen Him who is Invisible! He lived in the presence of an unseen Saviour. Jesus knows them, everyone, and He says to them, "Ye see me." Who are they? Believers. With the eye of faith they look unto Jesus and He is their life. That sight of Him is their life, and they live in the midst of the world of people around that see Him not, a secret life beneath the eye of Jesus.

They look up and see Him their living Saviour.

They feel He has hold of them, and they of Him; and because He lives they shall live also. Day by day He is their life, the inner life of their heart. Sorrow, suffering, pain, sorrow, and their flesh and their heart fail, then He is the strength of their heart, the strength of their life. Sin and Satan and strong temptation come; then He pours into them fresh life from Himself, more abundant life, and they get the victory, and are more than conquerors through Him that loved them. In Him they live, and He in them. The life of Jesus in them is a very strong life. It can suffer, and triumph in the suffering. It can endure and not faint. It seems to die daily in the hardships and cruelties of this present world, and behold it lives. It descends into the grave, and from thence it rises the conqueror of death. It is Life Everlasting.

Do I see Jesus? Is He my life? or have I no life but that of my mortal body which death will put out.

"This is the will of God, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life."

Sunday, 24th April, 1864.

"ABIDE IN ME, AND I IN YOU. I AM THE VINE, YE ARE THE BRANCHES."—John xv. 4, 5.

This verse tells me how I am to keep the life after I have found it. Jesus says I am to abide in Him, and He will abide in me. He is the Living Tree, I am only a branch. I know well if a branch gets broken off a tree it lies withered on the ground, without leaves or fruit, and is only fit to be picked up for firewood. The branch gets its life by being joined to the tree. Then the juice of the tree, the living sap, rises up from the root, and spreads through every branch out to the smallest twig, and the leaves are green, and the fruit grows and ripens and is beautiful to look upon.

I must be united to Jesus by believing in Him. Then I shall be a living fruitful branch. Separate from Him I shall be a dead fruitless branch, fit only for "the everlasting burnings."

Then I must not only be a branch once, but abide a branch always. I must not believe once in my life for all, but believe every day of my life afresh. Then the life of Jesus will every day come afresh into me by His Spirit.

Lord Jesus, help me, day by day, to abide in Thee by faith; and with Thee daily abide in me by Thy Holy Spirit, the Word and giver of life.

What a blessing that can separate me from Jesus, so that I shall become a withered branch? I read in Romans viii. 35—39 a great many things that cannot separate me. But in Isaiah lix. 2, I read of something that does separate. It is sin. Yes. If there is any sin I love and won't give up, that will separate me. If I set myself knowingly to sin, it will separate me quite from Jesus. But if I am overtaken by sin, I must first at once to the cleansing blood of Jesus, and He will wash me and not let it separate me from Him. If I am overtaken by sin many times in a day, I must still come quickly every time to Him. His blood and grace alone can cleanse and deliver me, so that my sin shall not cut me off, and make me a castaway branch.

Oh! I will watch and pray earnestly, lest I enter into temptation, or lose my faith in Jesus.

E. A.

The British Workwoman, OUT AND AT HOME.

"I BELIEVE THAT ANY IMPROVEMENT WHICH COULD BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE SOTTERIES, WOULD EFFECT A GREATER AMOUNT OF GOOD THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS YET BEEN DONE."—Earl Shaftesbury.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

WHAT have England's women to do with battles? Soldiers should be made of sterner stuff than they. Hands small and trembling, frames weak and fragile, eyes suffused with love; what have these to do with the sword and the war-cri? Nevertheless, in all battles between nations, it is a question if women are not the greatest sufferers. It is true the battle-field has horrors indescribable for the wounded, but the aching desolate women's hearts that wait and watch, and hope in vain, suffer surely as much

as the husband's and brother's whose bones lie bleaching on the blood-stained plain. And deep earnestness fills the hearts of the thoughtful females who pray, "Give peace in our time, O Lord, we beseech Thee."

But there is another battle, from which not the feeblest woman is exempt. A battle for every individual, in which we must all stand up and take our part, whether we will or no. We may be young, or old, weak or ignorant, feeble or active; no matter, the sword is thrust into our hands, we choose our sides, and are compelled to take our part in the proceedings. We are all fighting either against the right, or against the wrong. Our wishes, our influence, our efforts must be for one side or the other. Many a woman fights for a bad cause, does all she can for Satan. Not always knowingly, may be, but from a thoughtless disregard of principle. Perhaps she smiles upon sin, and blandly invites to the deceptive pleasures of the wine cup. If a poor woman, the gin-palace, in dirty alleys or courts, presents attractions. And these women are really fighting against the right, are preventing by their own actions the dawn of better and purer, and happier days. They are bringing up their children in evil courses, they are making wretched and un-hallowed homes; are debasing the beauty which God has created, and staining their hearts in sin's deepest dye. They are fighting the battle of life, but alas! they are on the wrong side!

There are, however, many noble-minded women taking their part in life's battle on the right side. These are fighting evermore for goodness, for truth, for gentleness, for integrity. Their helping hands are stretched forth eagerly to give the good cause an impetus. They smile gladden sad hearts, and shed sunshine on earnest faces. With all the powers God has given them, they uphold the right, and crush the wrong. They frown down all that is impure and dishonest, and displeasing to God. Good soldiers of the cross are they, who follow in the steps of the Saviour, loving and serving Him.

Oh sisters! On which side are you standing? Whose banner is spread above your heads? Are you laying up for yourselves treasures in heaven? Are you doing the master's work, with a single eye to His glory?

You may do much, very much to lessen the world's burden of sin and sorrow. Weak though you are, love shall make you strong. With your own true hearts to guide you, and the Holy Spirit ever near to instruct, you shall do wonders for the cause that is dear to you. Nor need you take one step away from your proper position. You may be a power in the world, a mighty resistless power, which must be both felt and seen without saying or doing a single unwomanly thing. For your province is home, and the recipients of your blessing are those whom you love the best. Side by side with all the heroic sisterhood, you may fight for goodness and truth by your own firesides. Better husbands, better fathers, better brothers, better sons shall go forth peace-laden into the outer world, because of your efforts. The fell destroyers which blast so many joys may come up to your well-barred doors and windows, but your hands shall push them back. Gentle words and loving counsels, and pleasant advice shall make music wherever the light sound of your footstep is heard. A barrier of love shall be built around the unstable ones of your household, so that they must needs be kept from harm, vice, dishonesty, fraud, intemperance, impurity; and all that is wicked shall shrink abashed from your presence, if only you will be true to yourselves, if you will watch and pray, if you will be careful and industrious and noble.

Oh, women of England! it is not worth while to fight thus; it is not worth while to be loved and revered, and valued, instead of being as is

the ease with too many at present, sneered at, laughed at, and covertly despised.

Well then, be strong in a greater strength than your own, repress all that is weak and sinful in yourselves, and aspire to be good, true-hearted, working women. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

MINISTERING WOMEN.—II.

"God led me, and I consulted none but him." These plain words—the devout words of a God-fearing woman, contain the secret of all true success. If we purport in our hearts to attain a worthy object, nothing is gained by canvassing that object with all whom it may, or concern. The question we have to answer is two-fold—is it God's will that it should be done? Am I a fit instrument for the discharge of this solemn duty? And the answer to these questions, is the answer to prayer. Go to God—tell God the purpose of your heart, speak out plainly before Him, as to a Father and a Friend; be not perplexed with the affected sneer of the sceptic—Why tell God, who knows all things? Remember he has written, "I will be sought after," the *seeker* finds, the *asker* receives, and to him who *knocketh* is the door opened. Make God your confident. Then are you safe. He will guide you. He will guard you. His grace shall be sufficient for you. Never forget, however, that in seeking to do God's work, you must first of all seek to do His will.

In biographic sketches of worthy exemplars, there is a tendency to foster, too often an inclination for the heroic. All these great ones did some great thing. We have just now before us a volume, excellent of its kind, and no less calculated than many others to show the same character, to excite an emulation that can only be gratified in a few instances. We cannot all expect to write books as clever and popular as those of Charlotte Brontë. We have not all the ability nor the opportunity to become the teachers of a fallen sisterhood as had Mrs. Perry Martin. We cannot all be engaged in the missionary work after the pattern of Mrs. Judson; nor are we placed in the grand and awful position held by a Lady Russell. Of Isabel, the Catholic-friend of Columbus, and Maria Theresa, the star of Austria, it is unnecessary to speak but as sweet and simple writers for the young, such as Letitia Barland and Hannah More, how few can hope to meet notice. The sceptre of power, and the pen of the really writer are reserved for the few.

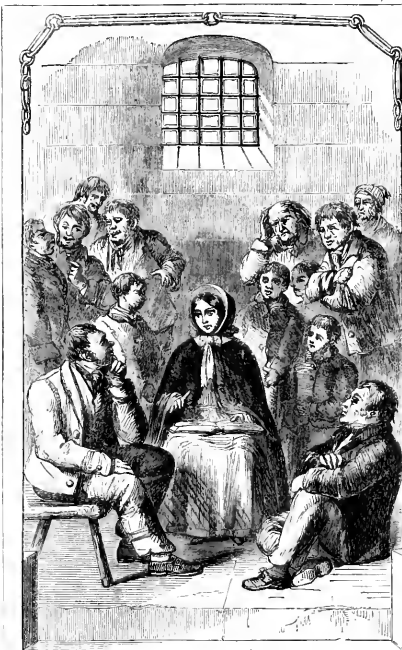
There is—we frankly own it—something dangerous in these pictures of Ministering Women who have done great and good things, without the mind and heart by already qualified for the reception of the lessons their lives in reality convey.

What is the lesson of their lives? They established a great reputation by unceasing industry; they effected a reformation by unceasing application; they lent royal aid to honourably indigency, and planted trees, the fruit of which posterity enjoys; no, and we may never satisfy our own yearning desire to accomplish some great thing for God. But it was His will, and are faithful to the few things which He has committed to our care, we are in reality, in God's own sight, doing as much as though we evangelised a continent, and made the wilderness rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

Honour is well said to be the enemy of women. Their influence is the most direct and positive for good or ill. In the duties of home a woman should find her chief occupation and her best delight. "Never run far from home," says a charming Swedish writer. The home, to a great extent, is what you make it. And is there nothing of noble endurance, patient industry, intelligent forethought, and self-sacrifice, in the discharge of the common duties of

home? Nothing in the constant drudgery, and petty detail, and small annoyance, blamed when doing well, unpraised when doing the very best; that calls for faith in God, and strong dependence upon Him? Is there nothing, think you, in this daily routine, through which so many wives and mothers pass as important in the sight of God, and of His angels, as the more conspicuous work of the missionary, the saint, the martyr? May you not be all these in your own home, and may not this thought cheer your heart, that while you are toiling and suffering—the eye of Quakerism is upon you, and that you are truly one of the noble band of Ministering Women.

In returning to the subject of the volume before us, we shall select for brief notice the sketch of the Jail Missionary, Sarah Martin. This estimable woman was born in 1791, of poor parents, at a village three miles from Yarmouth. She received a village-school education, and when old enough worked as a dress-maker. But while she kept her needle with such industry—for we may be very sure that idle hands are of the devil's making—her heart yearned after the miserable condition of the felons in the jail.



MISS MARTIN VISITING THE PRISONERS IN JAIL.

Prisoners were not, as now they are, well cared for; perhaps in material things too well cared for by the authorities. They were left much to their own devices, and received little or no spiritual instruction. Indeed, the jails were the hot-beds of vice, the nursery-grounds of criminality, and obedience was only enforced by the sharpest discipline, women being stripped, tied up, and flogged unmercifully for small offences.

Sarah Martin sincerely pitied the condition of the prisoners; she was a weak little woman of no personal beauty, one of those whom you might have supposed would have shrunk in terror from any contact with vice; but in doing good she had the strength of—was about to say a lion, but a lion is not half so strong as a woman animated by a noble purpose! Confined in the jail was a miserable prisoner, who, forgetful of all maternal tenderness, had cruelly beaten and otherwise ill-treated her own child. This crime appeared so horrible to Sarah Martin that she determined, if possible, to obtain an interview with the prisoner, and speak to her of God and heaven. It was possible. Her labour was greatly blessed, and from that time she devoted one

day in the week to missionary work in the jail, and one day in the week went one-sixth of a scanty income. And thus her life was spent; teaching, training, comforting the hapless criminals in jail, showing them, eye, and making them feel how hard must be the way of transgressors. "He that breaketh an hedge a serpent shall sting him." Surrounded by the most ignorant and lawless, the dread of the jailer—and sometimes a terror to themselves—these meek and quiet women were herself—God's spell, the enchantments of the heavenly world, that as it entered in the human breast casts out the fiends that dwell there, and makes the heart of man a fitting shrine for God's eternal spirit.

What shall we say of this patient labourer, this quiet, meek, and unobtrusive woman? *She did what she could.* What should be the lesson of her life? That we, whatever be our position, when in that position, be true and faithful to it, that we, like these faithful found, we may at the last be counted worthy of many things and hear—O blissful thought—the word of welcome, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

GEORGE MOORE, ESQ.

To those who make life a calculation, who plan their future and labour for an end, the example of such a man as Mr. George Moore, is exceedingly encouraging. Judged by the number of wrecks that strew the shores, life would appear to be a very dangerous business. And so it is for pleasure craft, wherein the proper relations between canvass and ballast are forgotten. But where these things are taken into account, when the good sea-going boat is weather-tight, and can carry enough sail to go well before the wind, the voyage may be made in security, always supposing that the charts are of a Bible pattern, and the port the harbour of eternal rest.

"If you pursue good with labour," says the proverb, "the labour passes away, but the good remains; if you pursue evil with pleasure, the pleasure passes away, but the evil remains." This is the infallible rule—it is God's law. The man or the woman, proposing to themselves an honourable and attainable object, setting themselves firmly to the task of winning it, not by some lucky stroke of fortune, but by patient persevering industry, secures the prize at last. It is well, therefore, that everyone should pause for a moment, amid the bustle and turmoil of daily life, and put to themselves the question, "What am I seeking?" If the response be satisfactory, then let every nerve and muscle of the body, every effort of the understanding be made for the realization of our object; but in all things "let patience have her perfect work."

In the instance of Mr. Moore we find an upright, honourable, God-fearing young man, seeking his fortune in London, and at an early age engaged in the linen-draper's trade. Before he had been a week in this employment, he saw Mrs. Ray, the wife of one of the partners, accompanied by her daughter, a pretty interesting child, nine years of age. "If ever I marry," said the youthful Moore, "that girl shall be my wife." With this fixed steady purpose, he worked day by day; never for a moment growing disheartened with hard toil, or seeking by any improper or shabby means to expedite the fulfilment of his cherished design. To marry Miss Ray, he must be in a position to support her with becoming dignity. He would never ask her to "scurvy" and never, nor by winning her affections, further his own interests with her father. He was content to work and to wait. Step by step he pushed his fortune. From the retail trade he went into the wholesale with a salary of £40 a year; from a clerk in the office he was promoted to the post of traveller; his good sense, excellent taste, and some judgment, made his transactions eminently successful. Overtures were made for him by other houses, and tempting offers of a largely increased salary; but he would make no terms, except that he should be admitted as partner in some firm. These terms were accepted by Messrs. Grincock and Copstead, the firm being henceforward known as Grincock, Copstead, and Moore.

In 1839, Mr. Moore realized the dreams of his youth; he was married to Miss Ray, and rapidly rose into being one of the merchant Princes of the City of London. This honourable course had brought

with it its own sure reward. Happiness is the daughter of virtue.

But our object in directing the attention of our readers to Mr. Moore, is not so much to point out the lesson of his life, as to notice the excellency of the example which he has set to employers in his conduct towards those who are engaged in his service.

As an extensive employer, his premises have been described as one of the sights of London.

"The value of the stock could scarcely be stated, without a suspicion of exaggeration. The number of distinct departments exceeds twenty-five. Each is under the control of a manager, to whose guidance it is entrusted, and who makes frequent returns to the principals of the state of affairs. It is thus seen that one branch may be flourishing and another falling off, and measures are therefore taken suited to the existing demand and supply. Ninety clerks, with flying pens, endeavour to overtake on the ground-floor the business transactions carried on up stairs, and at the other establishments of the firm. Upwards of four hundred young men are daily summoned by the sound of Bow-bell over-head to a substantial dinner. The magnitude of the operations of the firm and the immense amount of money they "turn over" every year, may be conjectured, when we state that the sum paid in business expenses by Messrs. Copstake, Moore, Crumpton, & Co., exceeds One Hundred Thousand Pounds per annum.

"The City warehouse is only the central depot of the manufactures, agencies, and establishments of the firm. An immense chief manufactory at Nottingham, a branch warehouse at Manchester, another manufactory and warehouse at Glasgow, and a fourth at Paris, produce most of the numerous articles in which they deal. New York and Philadelphia also fall within the list. In all, they have seventeen branches. Their travellers, thirty in number, traverse the country in every direction; while foreign correspondents seem to complete a kind of universal chain of commercial intercourse. Large as their establishments and agencies, however, may be, the encouragement given to industry by the immense operations of the firm, extends far beyond the walls of their warehouses."

The responsibility of the head of so gigantic a firm is very great; but Mr. Moore is faithful in its recognition and discharge. The number of females employed varies according to the season; in slack times about 100, in busy times 200; about thirty of them are engaged in machine work, dress-making, baby linen, and under clothing. The means exercised

for the religious and moral advantage of these young people, the spontaneous effort of their employer, are excellently planned and well directed. Daily there is the recognition of God, the sacrifice of prayer and praise is offered, the Scriptures read and expounded. Thus no one occupied on the premises of George Moore can fail to know something of the way of salvation. For their profit, also, a library containing a large number of interesting and instructive works has been established, and the tables are furnished with the stirring periodical literature of the day. Habits of forethought and economy are also encouraged by the institution of a sick fund, the weekly payment

are circumscribed. But we can all, if we will, sustain the path assigned to us by infinite wisdom and benevolence. There is the obligation of the employer, there is the responsibility of the employed, both alike are answerable to God. It would be well for us all if we always bore this in mind. It is not what we have, it is not our social position, it is not any material thing, no outward surrounding that can make us respectable and honest members of society. It depends on something which we have, under God, in our own keeping; it depends on character and conduct. He who faithfully serves, is doing his duty as honourably as he who faithfully commands, and it

is where this harmonious blending is the most fully developed, there we find our ideal of God's order of society.

The beautifully executed portrait of Mr. George Moore, which accompanies this brief sketch, is kindly lent by the proprietor of that popular favourite and honest friend, "Old Jonathan."

DUST.—Where does it all come from? You may sweep your room twice every day, and you will find that a cloud arises every time. You may dust every article of furniture, every book, every picture; you may take care to shake your duster out of the window, and your own clothes out in the yard; you may wipe all about the book-shelves and the floor with a damp cloth; and yet, after all your labor, there will be dust.

You can't turn around quick, nor even heave a sigh, without settling in motion ten thousand tiny particles of dust. You may sweep till your broom falls, and dust till your arms fall off, and the story will be always the same. Even out at sea, where the gull ship rides the billows, thousands of miles from land, the dust gathers. It is for ever flying and settling wherever there is any solid substance on which it can alight. Where it comes from is no mystery, when we remember what sort of things are ever about us, and what sort of things we are.

"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is written on clothing, on wood, and iron, and steel, just as truly as it is on our frail, perishing flesh; and the changing and sifting back to its despised original is going on before our very eyes, in each thing that we look upon. Constantly—some rapidly, others with a slower waste, but certainly, all things are returning whence they came. "Tis enough to make one *fear* the dust—to make one feel a *horror* at the atoms falling on one's garments, and one's limbs, to read and understand their language. That language is all of decay and death; of earth, the grave, and worms, of darkness, forgetfulness and despair. This, if one cannot look beyond the dust, and see, and take hold upon, the eternal life. M. A.



being one penny, the advantage in case of sickness five shillings a week. A Bible class has also been formed, and is held on Tuesday Evenings.

It will be seen from this brief notice, which necessarily omits all mention of acts of private kindness and personal interest, that the young women in the employment of Mr. George Moore, in fact all who are enlisted in his service, find in him a thoughtful and affectionate master, and it is not saying too much to aver that nowhere shall we find more attached or devoted servants. We all have our places in the world, and find our highest account in seeking to fill them and to fill them well. Our powers of achievement

written on clothing, on wood, and iron, and steel, just as truly as it is on our frail, perishing flesh; and the changing and sifting back to its despised original is going on before our very eyes, in each thing that we look upon. Constantly—some rapidly, others with a slower waste, but certainly, all things are returning whence they came. "Tis enough to make one *fear* the dust—to make one feel a *horror* at the atoms falling on one's garments, and one's limbs, to read and understand their language. That language is all of decay and death; of earth, the grave, and worms, of darkness, forgetfulness and despair. This, if one cannot look beyond the dust, and see, and take hold upon, the eternal life. M. A.

THE BRIDE AND THE WIFE.

LIFE'S MORNING AND NOON.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"She was a vision of delight,
A beam to gladden mortal sight,
A flower whose head no storm had bow'd,
Whose leaves no drop of dew had cloud.
Thus by the world, untaught, untried,
Seem'd that below'd and lovely bride."

Mrs. H. HENRI.

MERRILY rang the bells on Edith's wedding morning. Brightly shone the sun, gilding the earth with beauty, and chasing away every cloud. Numerous were the good wishes that greeted the bride, and the blessings bestowed upon her; above all, many were the fervent prayers which went up to heaven, that happiness, prosperity, and God's choicest gifts, might crown her future life. And, truly, according to human appearances, there seemed a fair prospect before her. For Edward Graham was no undesirable suitor, either in person, position, character, or mental endowments. Counting in his rank and stature, affable in manner, his brow unclouded by care, and his countenance the easy index to his qualities of mind and heart; he was a fine specimen of frank, genial, English manhood. Add to this that he was the prosperous master of an old and well-established business, a professor of religion—and, seemingly, his passions, and Edith's choice certainly appeared all that her best friend could desire, and his companion worthy of him. Those who knew her did not wonder that earnest wishes and fervent prayers were hers, nor that the unbidden tear of unutterable feeling stole down the cheek of many a loving young one, whose sorrows she had assuaged, and whose cares she had helped to lighten. True, tears appeared not to place out of his mind the past; but were not such as there really the most precious of all, such as the eyes of the great Heart Reader, and calculated more than aught else to call down His richest benediction?

Edith Linsey was the only child of a fond, widowed, mother. In early life, deprived of a father's protection, she had been peculiarly the subject of that mother's watchful care and devoted love, and she had those lessons of holy obedience and Christian charity which had already made her young life beautiful; and looked, on this occasion, so strangely mingled a tribute of love and grief.

They stood at the altar, and Edward's firm, many tones were distinctly audible to all around, as he promised to love and cherish her till death should part them. Not less sincerely, though more fervently, were the bride's vows uttered; and they left the sacred edifice linked together in that mysterious union, which is likened by an inspired Apostle, to that of Christ with the church (Eph. v.).

And time, which scatters so many hopes, and ruthlessly dissipates so many visions of love and happiness, seemed only to smile on them; cementing their hearts together in closer bonds, and realizing their brightest dreams concerning the future.

For five years no real sorrow was permitted to cross their path, and they were prosperous in every sense of the term.

Just as he entered in all his business dealings, Edward was a successful man; and, contented and secure to all around him, he was beloved alike by quaker and dissident, while the poor and needy proved him a constant benefactor and sympathizing friend. His sweet wife took her place at his side, loyally and lovingly, and found, as women ever should do, her happiness in ministering to his. The prudent manager of his household, and the fond, but judicious mother of his children, she yet found means to enter into his schemes of benevolence; and carried into her present sphere the piety and virtues which had distinguished her when beneath her mother's fostering care. It was a model home, harmony and love pervaded it, and the smile of heaven seemed to rest upon it. Distinguished in the church for sincerity and usefulness, Edward had recently become an exhorter, and many a listening group of villagers in the country places round his home, could bear testimony to his fervour and love for their souls, while not a few blessed him as the instrument of their present and eternal good.

About this time, Mrs. Linsey, Edith's mother, was suddenly taken sick, and what at first appeared but a mild form of illness, rapidly developed into unfavourable symptoms. A cold caught through unavoidable and unthought exposure to inclement weather, settled on the lungs; and within a fortnight from the first inti-

mation of indisposition, she lay in the embrace of death, and her spirit entered upon "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

It was a severe stroke for Edith, the first real trouble she had ever known, and her heart felt it accordingly; but she "sorrowed not as those who have no hope;" and while she wept true tears of filial love for the dear parent who had been the guardian of her childhood, and by her wise training, and unceasing pains in the formation of her character, had been the source of so many blessings to her in her future life, she yet praised the hand which chastened, that He had left her so many mercies still, and had made her so rich in the priceless affection of her devoted husband, and three darling children.

Mrs. Linsey had lived in a neighbouring village five miles distant, and as Edward was left sole executor, and had to arrange everything for the funeral, as well as to carry out all her wishes in the disposal of her affairs, he was much absent from home during the few days which intervened between her death and interment. And when he returned in the evening, he seemed so tired, that his wife troubled him with few questions about anything, feeling sure that whatever he did would meet with her sanction, and be for the best.

The mournful day at length arrived, when the beloved remains must be consigned to the grave; and at an early hour Mr. and Mrs. Graham left their own dwelling in strict privacy, to superintend, and be present at the sad ceremony. Liberal in everything, Edward had arranged all on the most generous scale possible. For once, Edith thought a little too prodigally, as she saw, &c. &c. the luxurious table, and the profusion of wines and spirituous liquors. The next moment, however, she almost reproached herself for the thought, as the expense presented itself, that it was only an expression of his generous nature.

A temperate man, and abhorring anything like excess in drink or dress, or all that Edward yet was hospitable to an extreme, and always felt as though he had not rightly played the part of host to others, if he did not provide for them liberally, and press none his hospitality.

Of course Mrs. Graham sought the solace of retirement, whether her husband accompanied her, making excuses, or in the midst of carousal, and she was of whom were her personal friends, who were following their return from the ceremony was ended.

The cloth withdrawn, wine and spirits began to circulate freely; and without being exactly aware of what he was doing, in the ardour of his generosity, Edward urged his guests again and again to refill their glasses, and to taste one liquor for its flavour, another for its age, &c. &c. Most of them were well accustomed to this style of tasting, and could bear a considerable amount of it with impunity; but not so all; and had a disinterested spectator taken strict note of what was passing, he might have seen that an imaginary notion of politeness alone, constrained compliance with what was evidently distasteful, to more than one. While thus unwittingly tempting others, however, Edward was straining to please himself, and not until recalled by a near neighbour was it discovered that his glass had only been refilled once.

"In your excessive care of others, you are forgetting yourself, Mr. Graham," said the friend alluded to.

"Pray join us," said another guest, with a smile, almost beseeching.

"Taste to the full old port, you have been so strongly recommending to me," urged a third.

"A little of this champagne would really do you good," cried a fourth.

With thanks and apologies, Edward tried to decline; but the invitations and promptings became embarrassing; and from the actual fear that his friends would think him unchristian and unocial, he permitted himself, against his better judgment, to sip one thing after another, though rarely finishing the glass, until his head began to feel more dizzy, and his faculties more confused than they had ever done before; and with an actual feeling of fear for himself, he said at length, somewhat shortly and very decisively,

"Excuse me, but not another drop must I taste. You know, as a rule, I take so little, it would do me injury."

"I know you are very temperate," said the friend who had first spoken; "almost an abstainer, but I cannot do without stimulant."

"Nor I," said another. "If I attempt it, I break down."

"My doctor has ordered me half-a-bottle of wine marked—"

"Well, gentlemen, I think it is time we break up," suggested an elderly friend, of grave appearance,

who although very well able to bear a liberal libation himself, was somewhat fearful for the external propriety of a neighbour opposite, if there was not a hint put to his; which, as he was a deacon of the church, would have somewhat compromised his position.

On another hint, that "no doubt Mr. Graham wished to rejoin his wife, and be returning home," the company rose and separated; two at least, beside Edward, having for the first time taken more than a hint, and a moment's pause, and then, receiving an impetus, which was long destined to harden them down the steep precipice of intemperance, and dash them to pieces on the rocks of ruin and despair.

With a burning cheek, and perception anything but as clear as usual, Edward sought his wife. She had thought the guests stayed long, and noticed his manner; but in her innocence, and unbounded trust, put it down to the feeling and excitement of the occasion, and proposed a speedy return home.

Bowed at the family altar that night, with unwonted fervor, did Edward implore pardon for the sins of the day, and grace against every shape of temptation however invidious in the future.

His wife followed him with rapt attention, and earnest prayer; and as she laid her head on her pillow, with a full heart thanked God, that when one beloved form had that day been laid in the tomb, He had yet spared her such an inestimable and beloved treasure.

Two months from this time business unexpectedly called Edward away from home for a week. It was in the neighbourhood of one of the friends who, on the occasion of the wedding of Mrs. Linsey, had so pressed him to taste his own wine.

Mr. Walters, that was the gentleman's name, warmly urged him to make his home his home; and strove in every way, to repay the oft repeated hospitality he had received.

In compliance with established usage, one of the chief ways of doing this was to introduce a liberal display of wine, spirits, &c. and friends were more than once invited to join the social evening circle, when the business of the day was ended. Again was Edward urged to partake of the exhilarating cup to sip, until an undue degree of excitement warned him to forbear. Still the severest critic could not have said he was intoxicated, or even apoplectic. He resolved, and re-resolved that he would not be induced to partake of more than one kind of liquor; but again the solicitations of his friends, and the prevalent convivial spirit prevailed; and when Edward said adieu to his host to return home, it was with a more decided liking for intoxicating stimulants than he had ever known before. At first he felt alarmed, and struggled against the temptation; then, as the time grew upon him, with the sophistry so common to self-deceivers, tried to persuade himself, that stimulants suited him, that his constitution required them; that perhaps he had been a little too rigid with himself heretofore in the matter, &c. So he stood on the edge of a yawning gulf, with only one step between him and its unbottomed abyss, and lulled his soul into fatal security was striving to shake her upon it. Poor, poor Edward! but what of Edith?

"I wonder where Edward has been so often in an evening, lately," said the loving wife, as alone for the third time that week, at the unwonted hour of nine o'clock, she softly rocked the cradle of her sleeping child, after six months' sleep. "There is no meeting to-night, either at the chapel or in town. Perhaps he has business, and will be unusually late. So she busied herself in arranging everything, with more minute regard to his comfort. The cushions of the easy chair were re-adjusted, the slippers placed where they could more thoroughly become warm, the chosen book, the last in reading, put immediately at hand upon the table, the piano opened at his favourite tune, in case, to soothe him with music, of which he was passionately fond; and Edith herself, with a spirit of all this comfort, with her heart full of all-loving and precious thoughts, sat down on an ottoman at the foot of his chair, often her chosen resting-place, to await his return. An hour passed away, but buried in thought she did not much regard it; two hours and again a third watch, and counted the minutes. "Where can he be? Surely something must have happened, this is so very unusual. He never stays late, without telling me where he is going."

Guileless Edith! he had a secret from those to-night, could not have told where he was going.

Another half hour, and a loud ring at the street door bell proclaimed his arrival.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIALS OF A COMPLAINING WIFE.

(A CONVERSATION BETWEEN MRS. FRETWELL AND MRS. CANDID.)

By the Author of "Good Servants, Good Wives, and Happy Homes," &c., &c.

Mrs. Candid.—I have called to enquire after your child that got burnt yesterday. I hope he's going on well." This was said by a decent tidy working-mao's wife, to one of her neighbours.

Mrs. Fretwell.—Thank ye, he's doing nicely; he's far better than he deserves to be, a plucky brat, that he is, he's allas in mischief. I've been nursing him till I'm fairly tired o' what, I've one thing an' another, I'm ached almost to death, I war just resting myself a bit when you came in, an' I'll tell you what I war thinking as well; I war pondering over the many hardships we poor women ha' to endure, I declare, our life 'a nout but toil, an' care, an' trouble; our lot is a very hard one. I war thinking, too, how much better off our husbands are than us poor wives.

Mrs. Candid.—I must say I think otherwise. "Ta true they are not tried in the same way that we are, but they have to rough it as well as their wives, and often a great deal more so. We couldn't bear what they have to endure.

Mrs. Fretwell.—Told me so. Just think, in a morning they've nout to do but get up an' go straight to their work, an' attend just to one thing all t' day through; then when meal times come, they expect to have everything ready to their hands, an' if one has gotten anything there's not just to their liking, dear me! there's such glumming and grumbling as is quite sickening. Then at six o'clock their work is done, an' they can go out and enjoy themselves in all manner o' ways, just as they like, spending t' money, too, which they ought to bring home; but they think o' nout but their own pleasure; precious little do they care about their poor wives who are drudging at home, fig, fig, figging at it, from getting up to going to bed. Think how it is wi' us women slaves. How often we have to tell o' tedious days an' sleepless nights, wi' sickly and tircome bairns, an' perhaps at the time we're badly ourselves; but it matters not, sick or well, we must attend to them all morning and all evening, an' it's nout but cleaning an' cooking, washing an' scrubbing, nursing an' toiling. O dear! it makes me bad to think about it. With all this, one is teased an' worried almost to death wi' bad unruly childer, allas getting into mischief o' some sort or another, like that bad lad, who because I war away to have a bit o' gossip wi' a neighbour, began to light some matches, an' set his self on fire, an' to be wasted upon hand an' foot. If this isn't slavery I don't know what is. Talk about t' niggers o' America, can they be worse off than us poor working-men's wives. I often wish, I know, that I'd never been born.

Mrs. Candid.—You have made out a pitiable case, Mary, certainly; but it is very clear you are suffering your feelings to blind your judgment. It is true that as wives and mothers we have many cares, toils, and sorrows, but then they are inseparable from married life, especially with us working people. They are only what all who enter upon it should look forward to, and reckon upon, as what in the nature of things may be expected. The promise and vow you made when you went to church to have the marriage knot tied, had certainly a reference to many of these things you complain of; for did you not pledge yourself to obey your husband, to serve him, to love, honour and keep him, in sickness and in health, until death should you part?"

Mrs. Fretwell.—Oh, as for that, I said just what t' parson bid me. I knew I couldn't be married if I didn't, but yo' may be sure I've never thought about it since; as for t' other things, its sartain, I never reckon'd o' half t' what I've had to do, an' I'm use to drudge as I do.

Mrs. Candid.—What, did you not reckon on keeping your house clean and tidy, on attending to

your husband's wants and comforts, and on nursing your children, and minding their health and welfare?"

Mrs. Fretwell.—O, as to childer, I hope I should never have any. I'm sure they came before they were wanted, an' for other matters, I thought, but little about 'em. The fact war, I war tired o' service, mistresses war so bad to please, this war wrong, an' that war't right, besides, one war kept allas a going; if one went to the door to have a chat, or to look about a bit, the bell was sartain to ring, summit or other was sure to be wanted; an' there was so much to do, I wanted to dress up, an' show off like the other girls, that I might as well be in prison, I close confinement, so I made up my mind to marry t' first man that offered that could earn a living.

Mrs. Candid.—Well, I must say you've been very fortunate in the husband you have gained, one so decent and hard-working.

Mrs. Fretwell.—Yes, he's well enough, as husbands go. There are many, no doubt, war in many things, but he's a precious easy life of it to what I have.

Mrs. Candid.—I must differ from you there. Let me reason the case with you. You know that your husband and mine are of the same trade, and I am sure mine has to work hard. However tired he may have been over night he must be up in the morning, and at his work by six o'clock, or he's docked for lost time. Dear fellow, he's not strong like some who never know an ailment, and he often turns out, when he needs rest, and when I'm so sorry for him, but he must labour on for twelve long hours, with only two short respites for meals. He mustn't, when he's weary, sit down to rest, or take a turn to the door for a little fresh air, or a little gossip, but must keep plodding at it as hard as he can until his day's work is finished, and it is jn t' same with your husband. Besides an ailment, and he's very trying and vexatious. The work is with that's very trying and vexatious. The work is often awkward, or the material bad, so that they cannot get on; perhaps a shop-mate employed on the same job is on the spree, or the master is unreasonable, or the manager annoying; these and many other things I might mention, fully prove that the husband's burden is as heavy, nay, much heavier than his wife's.

Mrs. Fretwell.—But, then, husbands are so exacting and unreasonable; they require so much attention and waiting on.

Mrs. Candid.—Of course they expect their meals to be ready at the proper time, else how can they get back to their employ before the bell rings; then even the work hard need comfortable meals, nicely cooked, and they should be so prepared that they may enjoy them quietly, and rest their weary limbs free from disturbance. Kind and attentive nursing is also often necessary for the preservation of their health, and to keep a husband in health is quite as essential to a wife's welfare as it is to his own, for is she not dependent for support on the labour of his hands, and for his children as well? Ah, that I have mentioned, and much more, is certainly a wife's duty, which to neglect would justly expose her to reproach and censure, but there's no hardship in this when love inspires the heart, for it always converts duty into a delight; it induces a willingness to make sacrifices of pleasure, ease, or sleep; it reconciles to any acts of self-denial, or toil, when it is for the comfort, welfare, or safety of one's dear ones, who are dearer than life.

Mrs. Fretwell.—Ah! it's all very fine to talk about love. I've heard "that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," an' it's much the same wi' t' trials of life; love may read well enough in play books and novels, but I see very little of it I married life.

Mrs. Candid.—Surely you do not wish me to understand that you do not love your husband, or that you never had any.

Mrs. Fretwell.—I've told you why I married. I liked William well enough, but I dare say I should just have liked many others I t' same way. I wanted a home o' my own, he ask'd me to marry, so we agreed, but as for love, such as you've spoken of, it's no use saying that I feel it, I don't know that. I ever did; yet I don't suppose there's anything in this but what's common. I believe most folk marry just for their own convenience. A man thinks that such a girl will orke him a comfortable home, an' she thinks that he will bring in a good living, so they strike the bargain; and thus you see they are each consulting their own interest. Love has little to do with it.

Mrs. Candid.—This may be the case in some instances, perhaps many, and I dare say we have the reason why there are so many unhappy marriages, and so much misery and disorder in society. It must ever be the case where love is not the principle of the marriage union—a sincere respect for, and attachment

to each other. Love is the life and soul of marriage, without which it diltors from itself as a dead carcass diltors from a living body. Let this be wanting, and marriage is degraded in the way you have spoken of, and becomes a selfish compact. It seems to me that a married couple who are married by true affection is one of the most pitiable spectacles on earth. Nothing can be a substitute for love; love makes all things easy, whereas the absence of it makes all things hard. Love seasons and sweetens everything. It is only where love prevails that marriage is what it ought to be, rendering husband and wife one; having one home, one purse, one heart, one flesh. How can a husband work diligently and cheerfully for a wife he does not love? How can she nurse his welfare, and strive to make his home attractive, if she does not regard him with affection? Without love each one will be actuated by selfish feelings and motives; mine and thine will be a separating line between them, and their own selfish gratification will be preferred to every other consideration.

Mrs. Fretwell.—But if one doesn't feel this love, how then?

Mrs. Candid.—You must remember that the Bible commands it as a duty; you must love your husband, or sin against God, and as we pray for grace to fulfil every other duty, why not pray for grace to fulfil this also. There are many things for which a wife and a mother has special need to pray; she should pray that she may set a good example to her family, that she may be able to instruct and discipline her children, and train them up in the way they should go; she should pray that she may be enabled to regulate her temper and her words; but next to her own salvation, she should be concerned to obtain grace to discharge aright the important duties to which she solemnly pledged herself at the marriage altar, and the first of these was to reverence and love her husband.

Mrs. Fretwell.—Ah! but prayer is what I know little about. I us'd to pray when I war a girl, and went to t' Sunday School, but it's been neglected ever since.

Mrs. Candid.—This is a sad confession to make. No wonder I found you so desponding, and so full of dissatisfaction and complaints. An acknowledgment of error is, however, the first step towards amendment, and if you will only be prevailed on to begin to exercise, I will tell you what will follow; you will be led to think over why you ought to love your husband, you will dwell upon your own sacred and public promise to do so, on his just claims to your affection, on the influence of love in exciting love, and how happily this may operate in promoting your own happiness and welfare, and that of your family. These thoughts will naturally induce your contact; you will be reminded of past neglects, you will try to carry out the spirit of your prayers, and in answer to them your heart will be softened, and heavenly influences will come to your aid. It will become your desire to please your husband in all things, and in the place of carelessness and indifference, cold looks and ceaseless complaints, you will study his comfort, and try to make home, what it should be, inviting and attractive. Such a change in you will be sure to produce a corresponding one in him. If you meet him with the smile and kiss of welcome, he will do the same; if he perceives that you are studying his comfort, he will also study your happiness. One other result, and also the greatest, you will place yourself in communion with the great God; you will think of His claims, and of your duty to Him, and you will think also of your spiritual state, of the solemn realities of a future world, of your personal and relative responsibilities; and who can tell but the issue may be the salvation of yourself, your husband, and your family? Ah, I must now leave you; our conversation has got strangely long, I hope you will kindly receive my remarks, for by them I am sincerely seeking your welfare.

Mrs. Fretwell.—I believe you are; you have done me a great kindness; you have really opened my eyes, so that I begin to see things very different to what I did; but let me beg of you to come again an' instruct me more fully how I may gain it.

Mrs. Candid.—I will see you on again. I hope brighter and happier days are before you. Good morning.

WIFE IT SHOULD BE.—When a gentleman who had been accustomed to give away some thousands, was supposed to be of the poor, his friends, his relatives, his neighbours inquired where his fortune was to be found. To whom he answered "that it was in the pockets of the indigent."

[JAMES SEARS, Printer, Bolt Court,